



MINTING. LOOK OUT.



SLOW BUT SURE.

Square. Fire, you blessed idiot, fire! *Cinders Sport.* Not me, I'm going to wait till I get closer up.

NEXPECTED ILLUSTRATIONS.



(2)



saints! Murder and Oirish! Foire! Och! it's the ould gintleman himsilf!"—(4) *The O'Tabby to Himself).* "Bedad! Oi can't tell what's come to me family, at all at all. Shure they first shpoil me complixion wid their dirrty peat foire, and thin raise the divil's own hullabalioo because Oi don't shtop up there to be roasted! I'what do they take me flior to tumble about in that indecent manner? Had ess to 'em; Begor! it's dirtinkin' they've been at, that's what it is. Bad scran to 'em!"

HER ASP·IRATION.



Fair Amateur. See here, 'Arry. 'Ain't this costume made a regular Cleopatra of me? *'Arry.* The character would be more complete, madam, had you the asp-irate.

The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.—Saturday. January 23. 1892.

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" is a **Railway Accident Life Policy for £150.** (Two Claims already Paid.)

Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

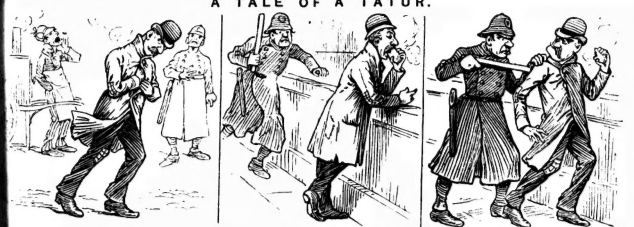
Vol. IX.—No. 405.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892. [ONE PENNY.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"Alexandry's love affairs are progressing by a series of spasmodic leaps and bounds, and, consequently, we are all made uncomfortable by the extraordinary antics which characterize the betrothed pair. Only last Tuesday Papa was almost committing an error, which might have had a horrible climax. Hearing a purring noise beyond the water-butt in the back yard, the idea of cats at once suggested itself to his mind, so, arming himself with a blunderbuss, he sallied forth in search of sport. What the result would have been had not Evelina shrieked out, Heaven knows. But fancy a water-butt as a trysting place!"—TOOTSIE.

A TALE OF A TATUR.



1. Ever on the alert for a case, it was not surprising that the careworn expression and mysterious manners of a seedy looking individual arrested the attention of Constable Snooks. "As clear a case of suicide"—

2. "As ever I did see," he murmured, as he hurried in the footsteps of the suspicious looking stranger; then, as the man halted on Waterloo Bridge and leant over the parapet, Bobbie audibly chuckled and sprang upon—

3. His man, grasping him by the collar, at the same time ejaculating, "Suicide, avaunt!" The stranger turned. "Suicide be blowed!" spluttered he. "Can't a fellow regale himself with a hot tatur in comfort?"

BORN TO BE HANGED.

JAMES BATSON, who lived during the reign of James I., squandered his money, got into bad company, and, falsely accused of assisting in a burglary, sentenced to death, reprieved, and given a free pardon, writes, in his autobiography, "After this horrid fright, I commenced as a travelling merchant, and purchased a quantity of washballs, tooth-picks and tooth-powders, and, extolling them to the skies, I had a good sale, particularly among the actresses."

One of these ladies took him into her service as valet, and, when strolling, he was told that he might "beat the drum and stick up the bills." He remained for some time in her employ; but, one day, going into a tavern with some chance acquaintances, lost all his money playing "put," to recover which he stole and pawned his mistress' lace petticoat, and, losing the cash he got by pawning, too, he thought it best to run away.

He then enlisted as a soldier and went on foreign service. At Barcelona, or somewhere near, he got into more trouble. "I was one day drinking with a soldier," he says, "and happened to fall out about a lie given. My sword unluckily runninc into his throat, he kicked up his heels through his own fault, for he run upon my point, so that he may thank his own hastiness."

Be this as it may, Batson was condemned to "kick his heels" also. His sentence, however, was respited, and he

was sent to the galleys for ten years. Some friends further interfered, with the result that he was set at liberty. "The deadly fright being over, as good luck would have it, I met with a recruiting officer, who, from partiality, took me home to his own quarters, where I was installed in the important office of cook."

Again he might have done well had he not been an arrant rogue. His master and he and the other servants were billeted on the house of one of the richest men in Bavaria, who, "to save his goods, pretended to be very poor. I informed him that my master always kept three tables, one for the gentlemen and pages, a second for the butler and under-officers, a third for the footmen, grooms and other liveries; that for these tables he must supply one ox, two calves, four sheep, twelve pullets, six capons, two dozen of pigeons, six pounds of bacon, four pounds of sugar, two of all sorts of spice, a hundred eggs, half a dozen dishes of fish, a pot of wine to each plate, and six loaves bread to stand by. He blessed himself and exclaimed, 'If all you speak of be only for the servants' tables, the village will not be able to furnish the master's.' To this I replied that my master was such a good natured man, that if he saw his servants well provided, he was indifferent to his own table—a dish of imperial stuffed meat, with an egg in it, would be sufficient for him. He asked me of what that same imperial meat was composed.

"I desired him to send for a grave-digger and a cobbler, and, while they were at work, I would inform him what there was wanting. They were instantly called. I then took an egg, and, putting it into the body of a pigeon, I presented, said to him, 'Now, sir, take notice; this egg is in the pigeon, the pigeon is to be put into a partridge, the partridge into a pheasant, the pheasant into a pullet, the pullet into a turkey, the turkey into a kid, the kid into a sheep, the sheep into a calf, and the calf into a cow. All these creatures are to be pulled, flead and larded, except the cow, which is to have her hide on. The cobbler is to sew up every one of them, and the grave-digger is to throw up a deep trench, into which one load of coals is to be cast, and the cow laid on the top of it, and another load above her, the fuel set on fire, to burn four hours, more or less, when the meat, being taken out, becomes such a delicious dish that formerly emperors used to dine on it upon their coronation day, from which it is called the imperial egg stuffed meat.' The landlord was at first not a little astonished; but, after some conversation, we understood each other, and the master left the matter to my care," but flogged him when he found out his tricks.

This knave and fool, returning to London with the money he had saved, took the "Ram Inn," in Smithfield, where he did a very good business, but, not content with honest gains, murdered and robbed a traveller, with the assistance of his ostler. A quarrel over the division of the spoil led to a discovery, for the ostler blabbed. He died in gaol before the fatal day, but Batson was executed in 1659.

* * * *

"Whacky, whacky, whack!" murmured the Gooseberry Orbed.
"Tra-ra-boom-de-ray!" observed the Blood Soaken.
Their meaning is up to now unobtainable.
(Next week, "The Tooth.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a *stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted.* Do not inclose loose stamps.

We are very sorry, GRAPHO, *That we cannot give his name; Though we can with truth assure you That he's not unknown to fame. Sorry,* A. N. LOWRY, *that we Cannot wibkize your verse— Send a stamp, for* SLOPER *cannot Pay the postage from his purse. Thanks for the potato,* ALEC, *We've returned it, as you asked; ALLY's always glad to see,* JOE, *Cast and villainy unmasked. You can buy the numbers,* CONRIE, *We believe they're all in print. Thanks for chatty letter,* MINER, *Also for your little hint. We are much afraid,* Miss BESSIE, *You're a naughty little tease; Glad you like it,* MATTIE SCOLWELL, SLOPER *always tries to please. Thank you for the cutting,* GINGER, *Glad you had a lively time; Very sorry,* ALBERT HATCHER, *That we cannot use your rhyme. You can see the portraits,* BERTRAM, *Anytime you like to call—*ALLY *likes to keep them here in Preference to Sloper Hall.*

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."
The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in the World.

Forwarded to any Part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:
3 Months, 1s. 8d.; 6 Months, 3s. 3d. 12 Months, 6s. 6d.
In Stamps or P.O.O.s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL,
"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Weekly Contents Bills will be sent post-free to Newsagents on application.

PARIS.
On sale at all Kiosques and Bookstellers', at 20 centimes, or by special arrangement at our
PARIS AGENCY, 22 RUE DE LA BANQUE.

£150 —

will be paid to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED *a copy of the Insurance Coupon of the* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident.* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *is published throughout the United Kingdom every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 8 o'clock the following Thursday morning.*

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

A FELLOW came into a pub. in the Strand one evening last week and began begging, whining up with, "I believe me, kind gentlemen, I'm homeless and friendless." Softer was just going to hand him over a penny, when Sharpshins observed, "Well, you are a lucky beggar! No friends! That means nobody to borrow half-crowns and tell lies of you behind your back. No home! That means no rent to pay, no taxes, no water-rate, no gas bill, no season ticket—by Jove! you ought to stand drinks round."

[But the lucky man had vanished.

***

OH! who can paint the anguish of the thrice unhappy youth
Who takes the very greatest care to bring
His music to a party, and, unopened, has to take
It back, because he's never asked to sing.

***

How may one see a man from the West *Riding*, who is still not a Yorkshireman?—By watching Buffalo Bill careering on his mustang.

***

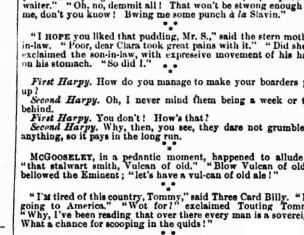
IT *is* curious, indeed, how the chemistry of science enters into every day life. He had been having half a dozen lemon squashes she had been cleaning her teeth with carbonate of soda. In the darkness, in the hall of the ancestral mansion, they exchanged a chaste salute. But the acid of the lemonade, mixed with the soda, made up an accidental reg'lar fizz and seidlitz powder. This tickled their noses so, that they sneezed till, what with the shaking, the door-mat almost jumped up to the ceiling. Caught again!



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 405.—The "Muffin Girl" Costume.



There's nothing like a bit of timber when a rabid canine is frolicking around.



UP FROM THE COUNTRY.



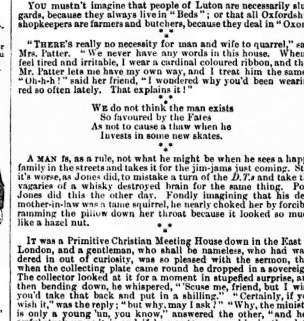
Terrible Boy. I say, Mr. Spoofboy, what's an angler?

Spoofboy. An angler? Oh—er—an angler is—er—er—well, an angler is a person that catches things with a hook.

Terrible Boy. Oh! Is that so? Well, sister Edith must be an angler, then, for I heard her say the other day that she thought she had managed to hook you at last.



Oh, tell me, did you never hear
Of Black Ben, the bold buccaneer,
Who in converse would say,
"Ahoy, there!" "Belay!"
"Dear eyes!" and "Avast!" and
"What cheer!"?



FINE AND LARGE.

Fond Mother. He's tall for his age, doctor—6 ft. in his boots.
Doctor. So I should suppose from the size of them.

SLOPER has not yet succumbed to the influenza. "Eucalyptus," he says, "combined with alcohol, makes the very best preventive possible." Surely, though, he must have been a little mixed when he staggered the other night into the "Blue Pig" and yelled out, "Two o' Eucalyphuh, hot, and a split mustard plaster. Just a bit of lemon, guv'nor-h, and don't be quite so liberal with the water. We ain't all proud of being cousins to the New River Head." What will that man come to?

***

HE stood in the street and gazed up at the window-blind, on which was reflected what he took to be *her* lovely form. "Sweet girl!" he said; "what grace! See how she raises her lovely arms! Another head! It is! how we long in vain! Bella! Kind creature! so she is putting up her friend's sunny locks. A little party of pleasure!" And then the constable waded in with, "Sweet girl be blowed! and lovely friends, be blowed! It ain't no girl; and it ain't no other gal having her chump tittivated! It's only the shadder of the charwoman stuffing the sage and onions into the goose the Old Man brought home from the club."

***

OUR ruffled feelings to express,
Oh! how we long in vain!
For some new oath, when by a sec.
We miss our final train.

***

WE heard an argument the other day between two married men, but we were unable to come to the conclusion. The subject was, which man is the better off, the one whose wife refuses to speak to him when he stays out late at night, or the one whose better half *will* speak? Perhaps some unprejudiced person will give us the answer to this conundrum.

***

"HEAH, waitaw!" exclaimed a gilded youth, "heah! What punch have you got?" "Punch *à la* Jem Smith, sir," replied the waiter. "Oh, no, demmit all! That won't be stwong enough for me, don't you know! Bwing me some punch *à la* Stavin."

***

"I HOPE you liked that pudding, Mr. S.," said the stern mother-in-law. "Poor, dear Clara took great pains with it." "Did she?" exclaimed the son-in-law, with an expressive movement of his hand on his stomach. "So did I."

***

First Harpy. How do you manage to make your boarders pay up?

Second Harpy. Oh, I never mind them being a week or two behind.

First Harpy. You don't! How's that?

Second Harpy. Why, then, you see, they dare not grumble at anything, so it pays in the long run.

***

MCGOOSELEY, in a pedantic moment, happened to allude to "that stalwart smith, Vulcan of old." "Blow Vulcan of old!" bellowed the Eminent; "let's have a vul-can of old ale!"

***

"I'M tired of this country, Tommy," said Three Card Billy. "I'm going to America." "Wot for?" exclaimed Touting Tommy. "Why, I've been reading that over there every man is a sovereign. What a chance for scooping in the quids!".

***

IT was their copper wedding day, and he had been out drinking a few pence of his earnings before he came home. Ah! she waited for his coming. "Did she, now?" Oh, dear, yes! being a copper wedding, with a brand new copper-stick behind the door. And then the copper he'd spend, and the coppers who were going to run him in and the copper-stick on the thinking-pot, and the hot coppers he had the next morning, he had quite enough of the copper business to spare and a yard over.

***

A MAN may forget all the lessons of youth
Which he learnes the married condition;
But the bills which he's bound to incur with a wife
Soon makes him remember addition.

***

SOME people are too suspicious. It was poor, dear Bob who had gone to Ramsgate to meet dear Tootsie as ever was. He had had a little too much, but not over too much, on the way. "Wretched, abandoned girl!" he shrieked, as he got near the harbour. "Why, she's actually going hand over hand up that rope by the pole! Shame on you! Oh, shame! and every telescope laid on from every window." After all, too, he was a bit mistaken. It was only the hoisting of the weather drum to announce the coming of a stiff breeze.

***

THEY were weighing the newly arrived baby, and Master Johnny looked on with a curious eye. Presently, with memories of the butcher's peccadilloes fresh upon him, he inquired, "Do you think the doctor hasn't given us fair weight, dadda?"

***

Customer. Er—I want some soap, please.
Chemist. Yes, sir. This is Smith's soap—excellent article.
Customer (hurriedly). No, thank you. No—I don't care for it.
Chemist. But it's capital soap. I'm selling a lot of it. Fine perfume and—
Customer. Er—yes; but—er—I am Smith. Give me some yellow, please.

***

"I SAY, Brown," ejaculated Jones, "is it true you're going to write a play?" "Oh, yes," returned Brown, "I've started on it." "Got the first act done?" asked Jones. "N-n-no," stammered Brown, "but I've written a copy of my letter to the papers, when I'm accused of having taken it from the French."

***

YOU mustn't imagine that people of Luton are necessarily sluggards, because they always live in "Beds"; or that all Oxfordshire shopkeepers are farmers and butchers, because they deal in "Oxon."

***

"THERE'S really no necessity for man and wife to quarrel," said Mrs. Patter. "We never have any words in this house. When I feel tired and irritable, I wear a cardinal-coloured ribbon, and then Mr. Patter lets me have my own way, and I treat him the same." "Oh-h-h!" said her friend, "I wondered why you'd been wearing red so often lately. That explains it!"

***

WE do not think the man exists
Who can be favoured by the Fates
As not to cause a thaw when he
Invests in some new skates.

***

A MAN is, as a rule, not what he might be when he sees a happy family in the streets and takes it for the jim-jams just coming. Still it's worse, as Jones did, to mistake a turn of the *B.T.s* and take the vagaries of a whisky destroyed brain for the same thing. Poor Jones did this the other day. Fondly imagining that his dear mother-in-law were a tame squirrel, he nearly choked her by forcibly ramming the pillow down her throat because it looked so much like a hazel nut.

***

IT was a Primitive Christian Meeting House down in the East of London, and a gentleman, who shall be nameless, who had wandered in out of curiosity, was so pleased with the sermon, that when the collecting plate came round he dropped in a sovereign. The collector looked at it for a moment in stupefied surprise, and then bending down, he whispered, "Scuse me, friend, but I wish you'd take that back and put in a shilling." "Certainly, if you wish it," was the reply; "but why, may I ask?" "Why, the minister is only a young 'un, you know," answered the other, "and he's awful stuck up as it is, and if he was to see a sov'rin in the plate, there'd be no holdin' him at all."

TOOTSIE AT THE MARYLEBONE.

Do boys nowadays read "Robinson Crusoe"? I know it is the frequent custom of fond parents to buy "Robinson Crusoe" for their boys, but I don't believe one boy out of a hundred reads twenty pages of it. It is a solid looking book for the *fin de siecle* boy to tackle. I myself would as soon think of sitting down to read Mr. Richardson's "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," over which Ma, when a girl, used to shed the tear of sympathy. No, thank you. More particularly if Bowdlerized.



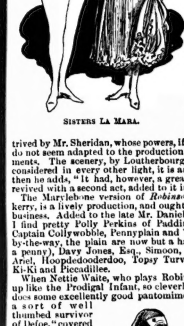
SISTERS LA MARA.

But though, as a book, I am inclined to think that Robinson is a pretty well played out at the theatre for pantomime purposes, he is wonderfully popular, and pops up annually all over the country at three or four places. This year, for instance, he figures at the Standard, the Marylebone and the Parkhurst.

Isaac Reed, in the *Biographia Dramatica*, mentions a pantomime produced as long ago as 1781 at Drury Lane, called *Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin Friday*, which was said to have been contrived by Mr. Sheridan, whose powers, if it really be his performance, do not seem adapted to the production of such kinds of entertainments. The scenery, by Loutherbourg, had a pleasing effect; but considered in every other light, it is an insipid exhibition." But then he adds, "it had, however, a great run," and, indeed, it was revived with a second act, added to it in 1808, "with good success."

The Marylebone version of *Robinson Crusoe*, by William Murray, is a lively production, and ought by now to have done good business. Added to the late Mr. Daniel Defoe's *dramatis personæ*, I find pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green, Caller Herrin, Captain Collywobble, Pennypiain and Tuppence coloured (I think, by-the-way, the plain are now but a half-penny and the coloured a penny), Davy Jones, Esq., Simoon, Sirocco, Torpedo, Octopus, Ariel, Hoopdedoorderdoo, Topsy Turvey, Kissi-Kissi, Yum-Yum, Ki-Ki and Piccadillee.

When Nettie Waite, who plays Robinson, first appears, he is got up like the Prodigal Infant, so cleverly played by Jane May, and does some exceedingly good pantomime dumb show. Will Atkins, a sort of well thumbed survivor of Defoe, "covered with glory and sticking-plaster," is humorously impersonated by T. G. Bailey. Mr. J. K. Walton, as Davy Jones, the locker man, is at times strikingly dramatic. Johnny Jones may be described as a lucky Friday, and C. A. Morgan as a happy cannibal. And, after all, you know, why should not cannibals be cannibals? It's a mere matter of taste—tinned mutton, or fresh roasted missionary! On the whole, though, I myself think I'd prefer the tinned.

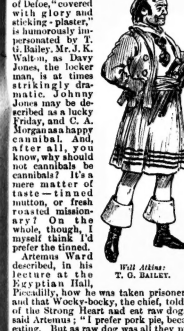


Will Atkins: T. G. BAILEY. *Mrs. Crusoe:* JOE ELLIS.

Artemus Ward described, in his lecture at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, how he was taken prisoner by a band of Uté Indians, and that Wocky-bocky, the chief, told him he must go to the tent of the Strong Heart and eat raw dog. "It don't agree with me," said Artemus; "I prefer pork pie, because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give me, I had to eat it or starve. So, at the expiration of two days, I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter, and I said to her, in a silvery voice, 'Sweet child of the forest, the pale face wants his raw dog.' There was nothing but his paws. I had paused too long."

But to get on—there is a capital ship scene, and there is a jostle for berths, and there are juvenile manœuvres on board the *Lively Lollipop*, all of which are as good as they well could be.

The transformation scene, too, is a big success, due to the efforts of Mr. Moore and Mr. Browne, and there are at least twelve to fourteen changes in it. Joseph Ellis' Mrs. Crusoe comes out very funny, and the Cannibal King gets his chance. As an ape, Darell may be said to earn his 'a'p'orth. As Topsy Turvey, Lucy Murray shows to advantage; Florence Merry is a charming Polly Perkins, and the Sisters La Mara look very pretty.



Polly Perkins: FLORENCE MERRY. *Davy Jones:* J. K. WALTON.

Henry Gareigne's pantomime this year is well worth a visit, so please take my word for it and go.

Oh, the money your Tootsie gets into some of your houses, you awful male persons! I don't believe you are a bit grateful.

When I came home, I found a little book Alexander Gardiner, of Paisley, had sent me, called "Dainty Dishes," and, the Parnay being safe in bed out of the way, I made, all by myself, one of the daintiest little tid-bits of a couple of eggs you ever heard of. Buy that book.

SLOPER has not yet succumbed to the influenza. "Eucalyptus," he says, "combined with alcohol, makes the very best preventive possible." Surely, though, he must have been a little mixed when he staggered the other night into the "Blue Pig" and yelled out, "Two o' Eucalyphush, hot, and a split mustard plaster. Just a bit of lemon, guv'norsh, and don't be quite so liberal with the water. We ain't all proud of being cousins to the New River Head." What will that man come to?

HE stood in the street and gazed up at the window-blind, on which was reflected what he took to be *her* lovely form. "Sweet girl!" he said; "what grace! See how she raises her lovely arms! Another head! It is that of her friend 'Bella! Kind creature! so she is putting up her friend's sunny locks. A little party of pleasure!" And then the constable waded in with, "Sweet girl be blowed! and lovely friends, be blowed! It ain't no gal; and it ain't no other gal having her chump titivated! It's only the shadder of the charwoman stuffing the sage and onions into the goose the Old Man brought home from the club."

OUR ruffled feelings to express,
Oh! how we long in vain
For some new oath, when by a sec.
We miss our final train.

WE heard an argument the other day between two married men, but we were unable to stay to the conclusion. The subject was, which man is the better off, the one whose wife refuses to speak to him when he stays out late at night, or the one whose better half *will* speak? Perhaps some unprejudiced person will give us the answer to this conundrum.

"HEAH, waitaw!" exclaimed a gilded youth, "heah! What punch have you got?" "Punch *à la* Jem Smith, sir," replied the waiter." "Oh, no, demmit all! That won't be stwong enough for me, don't you know! Bwing me some punch *à la* Slavin."

"I HOPE you liked that pudding, Mr. S.," said the stern mother-in-law. "Poor, dear Clara took great pains with it." "Did she?" exclaimed the son-in-law, with expressive movement of his hand on his stomach. "So did I."

First Harpy. How do you manage to make your boarders pay up?
Second Harpy. Oh, I never mind them being a week or two behind.
First Harpy. You don't! How's that?
Second Harpy. Why, then, you see, they dare not grumble at anything, so it pays in the long run.

MCGOOSELEY, in a pedantic moment, happened to allude to "that stalwart smith, Vulcan of old." "Blow Vulcan of old!" bellowed the Eminent; "let's have a vul-can of old ale!"

"I'M tired of this country, Tommy," said Three Card Billy. "I'm going to America." "Wot for?" exclaimed Touting Tommy. "Why, I've been reading that over there every man is a sovereign. What a chance for scooping in the quids!"

IT was their copper wedding day, and he had been out drinking a few brace of healths before he came back. Ah! she waited for his coming. "Did she, now?" Oh, dear, yes! being a copper wedding, with a brand new copper-stick behind the door. And what with the coppers he'd spent, and the coppers who were going to run him in and the copper-stick on the thinking-pot, and the hot coppers he had the next morning, he had quite enough of the copper business to spare and a yard over.

A MAN may forget all the lessons of youth
Ere he enters the married condition;
But the bills which he's bound to incur with a wife
Soon makes him remember addition.

SOME people are too suspicious. It was poor, dear Bob who had gone to Ramsgate to meet dear Tootsie as ever was. He had had a little too much, but not over too much, on the way. "Wretched, abandoned girl!" he shrieked, as he got near the harbour. "Why, she's actually going hand over hand up that rope by the pole! Shame on you! oh, shame! and every telescope laid on from every window." After all, too, he was a bit mistaken. It was only the hoisting of the weather drum to announce the coming of a stiff breeze.

THEY were weighing the newly arrived baby, and Master Johnny looked on with a curious eye. Presently, with memories of the butcher's peccadilloes fresh upon him, he inquired, "Do you think the doctor hasn't given us fair weight, dadda?"

Customer. Er—I want some soap, please.
Chemist. Yes, sir. This is Smith's soap—excellent article.
Customer (hurriedly). No, thank you. No—I don't care for it.
Chemist. But it's capital soap. I'm selling a lot of it. Fine perfume and——
Customer. Er—yes; but—er—I am Smith. Give me some yellow, please.

"I SAY, Brown," ejaculated Jones, "is it true you're going to write a play?" "Oh, yes," returned Brown, "I've started on it." "Got the first act done?" asked Jones. "N-n-no," stammered Brown, "but I've written a copy of my letter to the papers, when I'm accused of having taken it from the French."

YOU mustn't imagine that people of Luton are necessarily sluggards, because they always live in "Beds"; or that all Oxfordshire shopkeepers are farmers and butchers, because they deal in "Oxon."

"THERE'S really no necessity for man and wife to quarrel," said Mrs. Patter. "We never have any words in this house. When I feel tired and irritable, I wear a cardinal coloured ribbon, and then Mr. Patter lets me have my own way, and I treat him the same." "Oh-h-h!" said her friend, "I wondered why you'd been wearing red so often lately. That explains it!"

WE do not think the man exists
So favoured by the Fates
As not to cause a thaw when he
Invests in some new skates.

A MAN is, as a rule, not what he might be when he sees a happy family in the streets and takes it for the jim-jams just coming. Still it's worse, as Jones did, to mistake a turn of the *D.T.s* and take the vagaries of a whisky destroyed brain for the same thing. Poor Jones did this the other day. Fondly imagining that his dear mother-in-law was a tame squirrel, he nearly choked her by forcibly ramming the pillow down her throat because it looked so much like a hazel nut.

IT was a Primitive Christian Meeting House down in the East of London, and a gentleman, who shall be nameless, who had wandered in out of curiosity, was so pleased with the sermon, that when the collecting plate came round he dropped in a sovereign. The collector looked at it for a moment in stupefied surprise, and then bending down, he whispered, "'Scuse me, friend, but I wish you'd take that back and put in a shilling." "Certainly, if you wish it," was the reply; "but why, may I ask?" "Why, the minister is only a young 'un, you know," answered the other, "and he's awful stuck up as it is, and if he was to see a sov'rin in the plate, there'd be no holdin' him at all."

TOOTSIE AT THE MARYLEBONE.

Do boys nowadays read "Robinson Crusoe"? I know it is the frequent custom of fond parents to buy "Robinson Crusoe" for their boys, but I don't believe one boy out of a hundred reads twenty pages of it. It is a solid looking book for the *fin de siècle* boy to tackle. I myself would as soon think of sitting down to read Mr. Richardson's "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," over which Ma, when a girl, used to shed the tear of sympathy. No, thank you. More particularly if Bowdlerized.



SISTERS LA MARA.

But though, as a book, I am inclined to think that Robinson is pretty well played out at the theatre for pantomime purposes, he is wonderfully popular, and pops up annually all over the country at three or four places. This year, for instance, he figures at the Standard, the Marylebone and the Parkhurst.

Isaac Reed, in the *Biographia Dramatica*, mentions a pantomime produced as long ago as 1781 at Drury Lane, called *Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin Friday*, which was said "to have been contrived by Mr. Sheridan, whose powers, if it really be his performance, do not seem adapted to the production of such kinds of entertainments. The scenery, by Loutherbourg, had a pleasing effect; but, considered in every other light, it is an insipid exhibition." But then he adds, "It had, however, a great run," and, indeed, it was revived with a second act, added to it in 1808, "with good success."

The Marylebone version of *Robinson Crusoe*, by William Muskerry, is a lively production, and ought by now to have done good business. Added to the late Mr. Daniel Defoe's *dramatis personæ*, I find pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green, Caller Herrin, Captain Collywobble, Pennyplain and Tuppence coloured (I think, by-the-way, the plain are now but a half-penny and the coloured a penny), Davy Jones, Esq., Simoon, Sirocco, Torpedo, Octopus, Ariel, Hoopdedooderdoo, Topsy Turvey, Kissi-Kissi, Yum-Yum, Ki-Ki and Piccadillee.

When Nettie Waite, who plays Robinson, first appears, he is got up like the Prodigal Infant, so cleverly played by Jane May, and does some excellently good pantomime dumb show. Will Atkins, a sort of well thumbed survivor of Defoe, "covered with glory and sticking-plaster," is humorously impersonated by T. G. Bailey. Mr. J. K. Walton, as Davy Jones, the locker man, is at times strikingly dramatic. Johnny Jones may be described as a lucky Friday, and C. A. Morgan as a happy cannibal. And, after all, you know, why should not cannibals be cannibals? It's a mere matter of taste—tinned mutton, or fresh roasted missionary? On the whole, though, I myself think I'd prefer the tinned.



Will Atkins: T. G. BAILEY. *Mrs. Crusoe:* JOE ELLIS.

Artemus Ward described, in his lecture at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, how he was taken prisoner by a band of Uté Indians, and that Wocky-bocky, the chief, told him he must go to the tent of the Strong Heart and eat raw dog. "It don't agree with me," said Artemus; "I prefer pork pie, because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give me, I had to eat it or starve. So, at the expiration of two days, I seized a tin-plate and went to the chief's daughter, and I said to her, in a silvery voice, 'Sweet child of the forest, the pale face wants his raw dog.' There was nothing but his paws. I had paused too long."

But to get on—there is a capital ship scene, and there is a jostle for berths, and there are juvenile manœuvres on board the *Lively Lollipop*, all of which are as good as they well could be.

The transformation scene, too, is a big success, due to the efforts of Mr. Moore and Mr. Browne, and there are at least twelve to fourteen changes in it. Joseph Ellis' Mrs. Crusoe comes out very funny, and the Cannibal King gets his chance. As an ape, Osareli may be said to earn his 'a'p'orth. As Topsy Turvey, Lucy Murray shows to advantage; Florence Merry is a charming Polly Perkins, and the Sisters La Mara look very pretty.



Polly Perkins: FLORENCE MERRY. *Davy Jones:* J. K. WALTON.

Henry Gascoigne's pantomime this year is well worth a visit, so please take my word for it and go.

Oh, the money your Tootsie gets into some of your houses, you awful male persons! I don't believe you are a bit grateful.

When I came home, I found a little book Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, had sent me, called "Dainty Dishes," and, the Family being safe in bed out of the way, I made, all by myself, one of the daintiest little tid-bits of a couple of eggs you ever heard of. Buy that book.

GOOD OLD BIRD!

OH! sweet are the notes of the linnet and lark,
The nightingale, blackbird and thrush;
And joyous indeed is the bullfinch's song
As it merrily pipes in the bush.

The "ping" of the chaffinch is comforting, too,
As it busily builds in the limes;
Whilst the note of the cuckoo is music to him
Who is anxious to write to *The Times*.

But there is a songster whose glorious notes
I greatly prefer to the rest;
Its name is the oof bird, and no one, I'm sure,
Will blame me for loving it best.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

(*Being further annotated, enlarged, and generally knocked about.*)

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORGE I. 1714 TO 1727.

WITH George I.'s accession to the throne the House of Hanover came in—really good Hanover Georges and not Jacks.

George I. was not a king by descent. James II.'s son ought to have come to the throne. George I. was only a king by Act of Parliament. As an act of Parliament makes all solicitors gentlemen, it's not so wonderful if it could jerk off a monarch or two when wanted.

George I. has been always much abused by English historians, because he was a German and not thoroughly English, you know. This was hard on him. He ought to have been quite English. If he had gone into training as a short price bookmaker, and then as a director on a Snook-cum-Sparrow Tramcar Company, he might have grown into something like an Englishman. He hadn't got any special genius that way.

He wasn't a lively monarch, and didn't try to sell the country to the French like Charles II., who was much more gentlemanly and had a keen sense of humour.

He never particularly saw the fun of having Catesby Sloper about him. Catesby Sloper, having come in for the old man's oof, who had heaved up his pile as a Tommy Atkins swindler in the last reign, stood for parliament. Sloper, as was the fashion in those days, was ready to sell his vote like a man and a Briton. M.P.s never sell anything nowadays. They're all so honest that if you were to ask them to put a French penny in the slot for a cigarette they would brain you on the spot.

As King George wouldn't have any truck with Catesby Sloper at any price, the heroic and patriotic Sloper determined to join the son of James II., who had an army raising in Scotland. Sloper helped to raise the army and the oof likewise, without which battles cannot be fought.

With the Earl of Mar, Sloper, in the insurrection of 1815, kicked up the highest jinks available at the price.

But Mar was defeated by the Duke of Argyle at Sheriff Muir. Sloper was taken prisoner and was condemned to death. He died with the greatest courage, and left to his sorrowing creditors (to whack off his tailor's bill and what not) all the property that had already been taken from him and given to the crown. Such honesty was worthy of his nature. Immediately after his death, on hearing the sad news, the son of James II., the so called Pretender, made use of the immortal words, "He has gone whence no man returneth—this must be a bally comfort to his old Dutch clock, who won't have to sit up for him any longer after coming back from the pub. Such is the ingratitude of princes.

In this reign there was a great tumult in Ireland, because the English thrust a new copper coinage on the "Oirish."

Most people like to have coinage thrust on them at any time. But the Irish are an inconsistent people, who are far too much given to pig breeding and shooting their landlords.

George I. died in Hanover.

He was a German. He wasn't sufficiently English to pretend to like the English, who called him by every name they could lay their hand. The historian (A. SLOPER) does not altogether despise George on this account.

CROSSING THE STILE.

JOCK was courting Jeanie,
In the North country,
But the wayward lassie,
Ne'er a word said she—
Walking home from market,
At the cottage door,
Just "Gudenight," says Jeanie,
Not a sentence more.

Jock was courting Jeanie,
But the task was long,
So one night he ask'd her—
Surely 'twas no wrong—
"Would she wed her lover?"
Whisper'd with a smile,
But she frown'd—"'Tis better,
Waiting for awhile."

Jock, he heard in silence,
Homeward took his way,
But, upon the morrow,
Met her in the hay:
Never breath'd of courting
As the time sped by,
Till the sunset glimmer'd
Far across the sky.

Then the maid stay'd toiling,
Cross'd the meadows o'er,
At the dyke she falter'd—
Jock was there before;
"Let me pass," she murmur'd,
Looking at the stile:
"No, my maid, 'tis better
Waiting for awhile!"

Well, she flounced and pouted,
Toss'd her pretty head,
But the night crept onward—
Time she was in bed!
Then she whisper'd to him,
With a little smile—
What she said I know not,
But—they cross'd the stile!

HER RIDDLE.

THE hour of sunset had passed long ago; yet, still did Dilarne Dillop hold her hand and talk to her of love—and what was even sweeter still, of marriage. "Ethel," he said, "do you not see in marriage an irrevocable something by which two souls are linked for ever—invested with the insignia of pure love? Marriage is the compact of an imperishable affection that brightens and illumines our natural sojourn, and mercenary, impulsive marriages are a sacrilege to the blessed shrine of Hymen. Who but a Judas would kiss the virgin lips of a just won—(not 'just one,' Ethel)—bride if not actuated by a heart swelling with love, throbbing with a soul inspired with all the noble sentiments of eternal endurance? If we sincerely and intelligently consider the problem——"

"Talking of considering problems, D.," interrupted beauty, with a merry sparkle in her lustrous blue eyes; "what is the difference between myself and Mr. Boggby's old strawberry cow out in the meadow, there?"

And he rather naturally replied: "Well—er—I don't know."

"Then, under those circumstances, by all means marry the cow!" replied the fascinator; and left him there to think it out and kick himself.

ROBIN'S REVENGE.

LITTLE Milly Morris leans on the wicket of her cottage garden, fresh and sweet as the roses that climb around its porch. Her eyes, the brightest in the village, are brighter now than ever with the lovelight that is in them.

For the Squire's son has reined in his cob to stop and beg a rose and to steal a blush from those bonny cheeks, a smile from that bewitching mouth (and he means further larceny from those lips) and the whole heart from Milly's palpitating bosom.



Stopped to beg a rose.

They laugh and chatter, then the laughter is hushed; they speak in whispers; he bends to the saddle bow; the pretty face is upturned. Was it the echo of the "sweet, sweet" of the thrush in the hedgerow that sound? Surely it sounded "sweet."

A pretty picture; but Robin Fairfield, gazing on it, felt a burning hell in his heart—felt for once like Cain. Till now he had thought Milly loved him. Let the Squire's son beware!

* * * * * *

A nine days' wonder. How the gossips cackled, telling how they had seen it must come to this—had always told you so. Milly Morris was gone from her village. None knew whither, none could guess, though all were certain she was gone to the bad.

None? Yes, one guessed.

It was with a feeling of relief that the village heard that Robin Fairfield had taken the "Queen's shilling," for he had turned out badly.

* * * * * *

It is a bad night even for Biscay's Bay. H.M. troopship *Caterpillar* rolls helplessly in the trough of a sea that where it is not black as Erebus, is weirdly white with churning, seething foam. Her masts are gone, one of her screw shafts has snapped, so that she lies groaning and rolling in the caldron of battling waters like a disabled and helpless giant.



The boats are launched.

The boats are launched, and British discipline asserts itself, as always in the hour of danger. Down the gangways the men of the Fallowshire Regiment file into the boats. At last the crew—even the gallant skipper—have found thwarts, and the last boat prepares to cast off, and with heavy hearts leave the good ship to founder.

There is a man crawling along the deck, knee deep in the sea that is overwhelming her.

"Come!" they shout. "In a moment you are lost!" Then the blackness envelopes him.

But for the roll of the sinking ship, they would see him facing another man—a prostrate man—in the light of a swinging binnacle lamp.

"Come!" they cry; "there is room for just one."

"You hear," says Private Fairfield to his captain, "room for one. You could be saved, but for me. You don't know me! Ah! you begin to remember, perhaps—to remember the girl you stole from me. Listen; after she fled, I swore to kill you, for I knew you had taken her. I joined your regiment, determined to kill you, if even by shooting you in the back in battle. See, your life is in my hands. You are lying there with a broken leg. I could save you, but I shall leave you to die like a dog."

"Go, then!" gasps the other, faintly; "but, if you reach England, take this to my—father."



"I shall leave you to die."

"What cursed trinket is that?" the other growls.

His captain replies, "The portrait of my wife—and child."

Robin gazes at the portrait, then cries, "She is your wife?—an honest woman?"

"As I am to die, I swear it," answers the other, "but I dared not for awhile tell my father."

Robin has crawled to the bulwarks and climbs into the shrouds. They see he bears in his arms a wounded, helpless man.

"There is only room for one," they cry: "only one, or all our lives are risked."

"There is only one coming," said Private Fairfield, as he lowers his captain into their arms and falls back into the sinking ship.



A DREADFUL MISTAKE.
Miss Prim was not intoxicated the other day, as scandal whispered. It was the slippery pavement that caused Z22 to help her along.



OVERHEARD AT THE LYCEUM.
Sweet Innocence. How is it Henry VIII. had so many mistresses—school mistresses, I presume—and no professors?



A COOLER.
He. I assure you there is nothing I would not brave for your fair sake.
She. Then I should like to see you skate close round that post.



"You will be surprised to hear, dear, that I have joined a circus troupe, and will think it a strange action for the daughter of an earl. Well, the fact is, I have fallen in love with the clown, and must be near him."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

⁂ Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 219.—MISS ALICE FINDLAY.
"To win the maiden's love I vainly try." —*The Dook Snook.*
"It is my cherished dream to call her mine." —*Lord Bob.*
"What perfect grace, what charm of face and figure!" —*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—DANIEL LENO, Esq.



(1). Sir Augustus Harris was wild.——(2). "Look here, SLOPER," said he, when he discovered the Eminent at the back of the stage with his fatherly arm encircling the waist of a little party in the pantomime, "when I gave you permission to come and interview Miss Marie Lloyd a week or two ago, I didn't intend you should be here every night since." "But, dear Sir Gussy," replied A. SLOPER, "I am here on business. I have come to interview Mr. Dan Leno." "Then," said Sir Augustus, turning to Mr. Latham, who came up at that moment, "let all the firemen and the gallery policeman take this person to Mr. Leno's dressing room, and afterwards conduct him outside."——(3). "Why, if it isn't ALLY!" cried Mr. Dan Leno; "well, this *is* a pleasure!" "Nay, Mr. Leno, this is *business*," said the Wreck, loud enough to be heard by the body guard outside. "I have seen you mentioned in frivolous contemporaries as the Rev. Daniel Leno—may I take it that you were originally intended for the Church?" "Intended! Why, I *am* in the Church. I thought this was universally known. Yes, to supplement my income I combine the Church with the stage. You *must* come to our mothers' meetings, and if you've nothing to do on Sunday afternoons, join our Sunday School, will you?"——(4). "Ah, you are looking at that enlarged photo of myself in the livery—in the uniform, I mean—that is, in the cloth of a curate. It was presented to me by the unmarried ladies of my flock. Now, I must ask you to kindly retire for a few moments while I make a change." This A. SLOPER did, and was immediately seized by the body guard.——(5). And had the mortification of seeing Mr. Dan Leno presently issue forth in the regal garb of the Queen of Hearts, and sweep by him, haughtily, with head erect, without so much as a glance of recognition. And then the Old Man gnashed his teeth with rage and wept tears of woe. Eventually he was chucked.

THE ELDER AND THE LAIRD EXCOMMUNICATED.



(1). "What the——? Who the——?" warbled the Laird and the dear Elder last Sabbath morn.

(2). And they wandered forth, outcasts and aliens.

3. "Hould on! hould on!" roared McParritch, as he fluttered up; "Elder, ye widna leave *me* amangst they prayin' cormorants, wid ye?"—*(To be continued.)*









It is indeed pleasing to see the enormous crowd which week a
show as the hour of the performance draws nigh; and right glad
number of fresh faces, showing as they do that the popularity of
undiminished. Forward:—*'Gainst Death, no one can make a s*
land:—"I'm boss of all that I survey," Exclaims the Khedive, so, h



DASH MY WIG!
"Hi, stop! confound it, sir, your beastly cur has got my *wig*!" But, to quote the touching words of a sweet and deservedly popular song, "It never came back no more."



MORE THAN SHE COULD STAND.
Angelina. I may be artful and deceitful, Edwin, and heartless and not truthful: but if you repeat that I am ugly, I .. never speak to you again.



Pater. Girls, I
this year.
Girls (in chor
Pater. But, to
twice a week, if



COOLER.
ding I would not brave for your fair
you skate close round that post.



"You will be surprised to hear, dear, that I have joined a circus troupe, and will think it a strange action for the daughter of an earl. Well, the fact is, I have fallen in love with the clown, and must be near him."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

D BY A. SLOPER.—DANIEL LENO, Esq.



for the Church?" "Intended! Why, I am in the Church. I thought this was universally known. Yes, to supplement my income I combine the Church with the stage. You must come to our matinée meetings, and if you've nothing to do on Sunday afternoons, join our Sunday School, will you?"—(4). "Ah, you are looking at that enlarged photo of myself in the livery—in the uniform, I mean—that is, in the cloth of a curate. It was presented to me by the unmarried ladies of my flock. Now, I must ask you to kindly retire for a few moments while I make a change." This A. SLOPER did, and was immediately seized by the body guard.—(5). And had the mortification of seeing Mr. Dan Leno presently issue forth in the regal garb of the Queen of Hearts, and sweep by him, laughtily, with head erect, without so much as a glance of recognition. And then the Old Man gnashed his teeth with rage and wept tears of woe. Eventually he was chucked.

CATED.

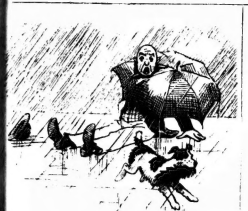


3. "Hould on! hould on!" roared McParrlich, as he fluttered up; "Elder, ye widna leave *me* amangst they prayin' cormorants, wid ye?"—*(To be continued.)*



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

It is indeed pleasing to see the enormous crowd which week after week besieges the door of my show as the hour of the performance draws nigh; and right glad am I to see the weekly increasing number of fresh faces, showing as they do that the popularity of my world famed exhibition is still undiminished. Forward:—*"Giant Death, go one can make a stand; His icy grip's felt o'er the land."*—*"I'm born of all that I survey," Excellent the Rhedaire, so, hooray!*—*One blow upon his tender pate, And then a bold attempt to skate:*—*The dons assembled but to find That Fate had been quite too unkind*:—*Flakemore, we're every day, Fine salmon draw from out the Tay*.—*Saint Lubbock open, as we are, A library for Bermondsey*.—*We see the coaches now infuse Some courage into untrained crews*:—That's all. At the same hour next week I hope to welcome you all again to the theatre of which the sole lessee and manager is—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



DASH MY WIG!

"Hi, stop! confound it, sir, your beastly cur has got my wig!" But, to quote the touching words of a sweet and deservedly popular song, "It never came back no more."



MORE THAN SHE COULD STAND.

Archbishop. I may be artful and deceitful, Edwin, and heartless and not truthful; but if you repeat that I am ugly, I never speak to you again.

A COMPROMISE.



Pater. Girls, I regret that, owing to unfortunate speculation, I shall be unable to take you on the Continent this year.

Girls (in chorus). Oh, dad!

Pater. But, to make up for the disappointment, I have arranged for you to go to Venice whenever you like—twice a week, if you so desire.



"How is it, Smith, Booser has not yet arrived?" "Accident, sir; slipped on a piece of orange peel." "Dear me! request him to take his grog unadulterated in future."



"SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY."

"Slade secundus, you are late again." "Please, I've been to the dentist's—haven't I had drorin' enuff for one morning?"

ALLY-CAMPANE.

TEETOTALERS are a rum lot to deal with nearly always, but for the sake of their reputation as sane beings, it is to be hoped that there are not many in their midst possessed of such a vast amount of bigotry as the labour master of St. George's Hanover Square Workhouse. This individual, noticing one of the inmates, an elderly man of seventy-three, imbibing from a bottle, brutally ordered him to desist. In vain was it for the poor old man to protest that he was only drinking some tea he had saved from breakfast, the master was determined, and, in the end, the pauper angrily dashed the bottle to the ground, smashing it to atoms. As a result, he was at once hurried before a magistrate, although it was proved conclusively that the bottle was his own property, and, for this heinous offence, was sentenced to seven days' hard labour; and yet we are told there is but one law for rich and poor.



ON the morning of Wednesday, February 17th, a new "eccentric" comedy in three acts, by Mr. C. H. Abbott, will be produced at the Criterion Theatre, with a very strong cast, in which Geo. Giddens will take the lead.

SOLDIERS, sailors and civilians one and all should obey *The Trumpet Call*, and weigh in at the Adelphi Theatre at once, before the present piece is withdrawn. That they will derive an immense amount of pleasure from a visit is certain. Lionel Rignold is a host in himself.

IN a recent football match played in Yorkshire, under Rugby rules, no less than four of the players had some of their teeth knocked out. After this, we may expect to hear that dentists are enthusiastic upholders of the game.

ONE or two West End tradesmen have already put up their shutters. The present depression in trade, owing chiefly to the death of the late Duke of Clarence, was too much for them, and as a consequence they have gone the way of all unfortunate firms. Dress material of any colour but black is absolutely a drug on the market, and the sombre appearance of the contents of the costumiers' windows is enough to give one the "creeps." In the stalls of our fashionable theatres, too, the same mournful hue prevails, and the consequence is a feeling of melancholy and depression pervades most of our places of entertainment.



NOW that the influenza fiend rages rampant in all the poorer districts of London, and disease and starvation are carrying hundreds of poor emaciated creatures from our midst, A. SLOPER would make still one more appeal to his myriad of readers for more funds towards his "Christmas Appeal" to assist him in the carrying on of his good work. He does not ask for any large sum. All he requires is as much as any one of his readers can afford without inconvenience. The 1*d*. of the peasant is just as acceptable as the guinea of the peer. A humble sixpence might be the means of snatching some poor creature from the icy grasp of grim death. Food is the chief medicine required, and food cannot be obtained without money.

THE Hon. Billy, whom the cold weather has put into a chronic state of hunger, is willing to accept the post of food taster at any first rate West End restaurant, and will give time. (*The foregoing may be taken as an advertisement or otherwise, but it is not paid for.*—A. SLOPER.)

THE tremendous ovation which ALLY'S dear old pal, Teddy Solomon, F.O.S., received when he seated himself at the leader's desk to conduct the orchestra upon the last night of the long and highly successful run of *The Nautch Girl*, amply testified to the fact that Mr. D'Oyly Carte made no mistake when he selected this clever composer to fill the place formerly occupied by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

THAT Willie Edouin has secured in *The New Wing* something a long way above the average in the comedy line is beyond question, and it would not at all surprise us should this piece rival in popularity one of the greatest hits of recent years, viz., *Our Flat*. The piece has in it all the elements of success, inasmuch that during the whole of the three acts the interest is never allowed to flag. Besides this, Edouin has a part which suits him down to the ground, and during the enactment of the play he is rarely off the stage. Great care has been lavished on the mounting of the piece, and, although nothing elaborate results, good taste has been displayed throughout. Herbert Standing, G. P. Hawtrey, Herbert Ross and Beatrice Lamb have some excellent business allotted them, and fail not to take advantage of their opportunities.



ON the evening of Friday, 15th, the Crumbling Crumpet and Family managed to get as far as the Surrey Theatre, where they have a pantomime of the real old fashioned kind. It is entitled, *The Fair One with the Golden Locks, the Fairy Spring, or Prince Charming, the Giant and the Long Lost Ring*, which, although staged, produced and mounted with great magnificence, is at the same time replete with merriment. Mr. Geo. Conquest, junr., is, of course, to the fore, as is likewise Mr. Harry Brayne and pretty Lily Laurel who completely captivated the Tottering Tipsy Cake by her delightful impersonation of Prince Charming.



THERE is one good thing to be said about SLOPER'S old friend C. Collette. There *is* a little charity in his disposition. He got up a splendid show for the little "Sons of the Brave" at Chelsea Asylum. Charles was once a "bould Dragoon" himself. He loved the Red Coat—the governmental rags, and stood up for them as a true man should.

IN spite of the fact of his being a married man with a family, A. SLOPER is in receipt daily of offers of marriage from many of his female admirers. This is unfortunate, as the old woman is of a naturally jealous disposition, and the result is, A. SLOPER has far from a happy time of it at home. Somehow in another, Mrs. Sloper can never be prevailed upon to see things in a right light. Leap Year privileges are all humbug, according to her view of the case.

OWING to the great success of *The Swiss Express* at the Princess' Theatre, it was placed in the Evening Bill on Monday, 18th inst., with certain additions and improvements, and with Mr. T. P. Haynes playing the part of Gull, and Mrs. Clifton that of Mrs. Squeeze. A new melodrama, which has for three years been an unprecedented success in the United States, entitled, *The Great Metropolis*, rewritten and adapted for the English stage by Messrs. William Terriss and Henry Neville, will shortly be produced at this theatre.

AFTER what we said last week in reference to the closing of the Pelican Club, in common fairness it is incumbent upon us to announce the fact that it was last week decided to re-open the establishment, but under entirely new proprietorship. In congratulating the Pelicans upon the manner in which they have stuck to their old ship, A. SLOPER has much pleasure in wishing the club every prosperity in the future.

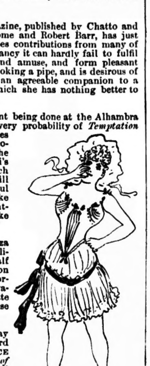
IF Sir Henry Hawkins' interpretation of the law is the correct one, it is quite time the Legislature supplied us with fresh material to work on. It seems gamekeepers are especially privileged to assault with impunity members of the community who have the audacity to use the public highway while shooting is in course of progression. A certain Mr. Harrington, while pursuing the even tenor of his way on a public footpath a few weeks ago, was seized by several gamekeepers in the employment of the Duke of Rutland, and forcibly held down until some grouse, that had strayed from the shooting preserves, had either been shot down by an aristocratic party of sportsmen, or had been driven back to the moors by the beaters. All the satisfaction Mr. Harrington has received up to the present is in being mulcted in a large sum of money as legal costs, and a severe rebuke on his audacity from several local magistrates and a learned judge.



The Idler, a new sixpenny magazine, published by Chatto and Windus, edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr, has just come to hand. Containing as it does contributions from many of the world's leading humorists, we fancy it can hardly fail to fulfil its mission, which is to interest and amuse, and form pleasant companion to a man when he is smoking a pipe, and is desirous of forgetting his own affairs—and an agreeable companion to a woman in those rare intervals in which she has nothing better to do.

EXCELLENT business is at present being done at the Alhambra Palace of Varieties, and there is every probability of *Temptation* proving one of the greatest successes of the many successful ballets produced at this house. Besides the ballet, we have Paul Martinetti's sketch of *A Terrible Night*, which is, in itself, of sufficient merit to fill the house. By-the-by, why does Paul Martinetti inflict a dreary sketch like *A Duel in the Snow* upon an enlightened public, while he has a sketch like *A Terrible Night* in his *répertoire?*

ACCORDING to statistics, influenza is playing sad havoc among the military, and, in some cases, nearly half the strength of the regiments are on the sick list. What a splendid opportunity is afforded the foreign invader! Luckily, our most inveterate foe, Russia, is herself in even a worse condition.



THE Mildewed Muffin has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon HENRY CHANCE NEWTON, *because he's half of Richard-Henry*. "Feyther," bleated the blue orbed Refereader, "d'ye know, I think Henry's a smart journalist, a good playwright, and a rippin' good fellow, and this 'ere Diploma o' yourn ain't bin given a bit too soon." But the Ancient answered not. He was too deeply absorbed in the Carados notes to try and remember where he had put the strap.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 6TH, 1892.

31st January, 1764.—The following curious garrison order was issued on the above date at Dublin :—"Lieutenant-General Fawkes recommends to the officers of the garrison that they would not play at the Castle whilst on duty, and that the officers of the Horse Guards will avoid mixing with the ladies in the drawing room, on account of the inconvenience of spurs to the ladies' hoop petticoats. (Signed) D. GRANT, Captain 52nd Regiment, "for the Major of Brigade."

1st February, 1836.—An attempt was made this evening to assassinate Mademoiselle Grisi, the famous vocalist, at the Italian Opera House in Paris. A man presented a pistol at her head, and was arrested by the guard before any mischief ensued. He was supposed to have been a slighted lover.

2nd February, 1828.—At Cheshire Sessions, ending this week, a prisoner was indicted for stealing corn, at Macclesfield. In the course of the trial, the prisoner asked a witness, "Did you ever know me to steal corn?" "Yes; I caught you only a fortnight before you were in the room taking the peas." Prisoner, addressing the Bench, said, "Gentlemen, I had the care of ten horses each day, and the evidence you have heard against me is not correct. You have horses of your own, and every man who takes care of them will steal for them, if he can." It was evident that what the prisoner stated made a deep impression on the jury, for they returned a verdict, "Guilty of stealing for the horses, but not for himself." This verdict, in the opinion of the court, convicted the prisoner of felony. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment

3rd February, 1871.—Thomas William Robertson, dramatic author, died this day, aged forty-two.

4th February, 1891.—A dark, barely furnished room, in which the only glimmer of light visible came from a miniature slate which had been rubbed with phosphorus, and a table around which were seated half a dozen gentlemen interested in the study of the Unknown—such was the scene in a house near the Foundling Hospital this night, while two spiritualists, who had made a tolerably comfortable livelihood out of human credulity for the last dozen years, displayed to the investigators the mysteries of the unscientific world at a moderate price. Neither of the "mediums" knew that one of the auditory was an amateur electrician who had in his pocket a small lamp with sufficient electricity to give a clear light for some minutes. While a "spirit" seemed to be hovering about the room in the darkness, displaying its charms in ethereal-ized drapery, the lamp was turned on, and the ghost, who had been summoned to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," or rather the phosphorescent slate, was discovered to be none other than the medium on duty, who was robed in graceful muslin folds for the occasion. The *séance* came to an abrupt termination.

5th February, 1891.—In a letter, bearing this date, addressed to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, appeared this statement from Mr. A. R. Reeves:—"Some years ago I was bringing two monkeys home from the West Indies, which I had named 'Jack' and 'Jill.' Jack was a brown monkey, about the size of a fox terrier, whilst Jill was smaller, and of the sort known as 'white-faced.' One day Jack was indulging his curiosity by diving into my pockets, and, among other things, fished out a cigar. He smelt it, and before I could stop him, bounded off to his cage with his prize. Jill rushed after him to see what he had got, and he considerately allowed her a smell, and no more. Then he tore it up and began to chew it, and presently worked himself up into an ecstacy of delight, taking the half chewed cigar from his mouth and smearing it over his face and body with maudlin satisfaction. Jill sat the while at the other end of the cage, regarding her lord and master with wondering interest, but afraid to disturb his revels. Jack's excitement began to get too much for him, and he rolled about his straw and twisted himself into all sorts of contortions in uncontrollable delight, and at last fell down in a helpless state of intoxication. Thereupon Jill carefully covered him well over with straw and mounted guard over him, energetically resisting any attempt on my part to see how he fared.

6th February, 1832.—Joseph Munden, comedian, died this day, aged 74. Previous to Munden's retirement, his health was precarious, and Elliston agreed to pay him £10 a night instead of a fixed weekly salary, only calling on him to play when his services were imperatively necessary. On the occasion of a bespeak by the King, Elliston, sure of a full house, thought he would save his ten pounds, but in the green room a notice had been affixed, desiring "All the company to attend to sing the National Anthem." Munden unexpectedly made one, claimed and got his money.

"SOMEBODY'S LOVE."

SOMEBODY'S love has nut brown hair,
Eyes full of laughter, sweet and free;
Somebody's love has two rose-red lips,
And a voice like bird-songs on the lea;
Somebody's love has fingers fair,
Like flowers that twine about the heart;
Somebody says—and I think it's true—
That naught thro' life shall their fortunes part.

Somebody's wife has the brightest smile
That e'er you saw in a dingy town,
And her tones are always gay and sweet,
Her brow ne'er cross'd by an angry frown;
So somebody's heart is still the same,
As together they go down the road of life,
And somebody says—and I think it's true—
That he owes all his joys to somebody's wife.

A WELL TIMED HINT.

HIS last words, when he parted with her on the "eve when first they met," were certainly calculated to lead the fair girl to conclude he was "a title" at least—or, if not, "something" of considerable importance "in the City," for he said, "If you'll allow me to bring my bro'om round to-morrow, I'll be only too delighted, don't-ye-know, to take you for a bit of a run—say as far as Hampton and back."

Of course she "allowed" him—what girl wouldn't? And the "bro'om" turned up—oh, yes, there was no funny business about it—with a beautiful horse, a chestnut (in many senses), and a coachman in a magnificent tall hat, upon the silk of which a vase-lined gloss coquetted with the morning sun.

And *what* a drive they had! Three times round Hyde Park to start with; then, as the steed yawned visibly on passing the Albert Memorial for the third time—and yawning is a sign of idleness—off down the Kensington Road, across Hammersmith Bridge, round Barnes Common, and so on, through Mortlake to Richmond. And *still* they went on—hopping over Richmond Bridge and dashing into Twickenham, just as Henery produced the guinea luncheon basket from under the seat: and *what* a luncheon basket that was! It could never have paid the producer at one, one. Real water-proof pork pies, hard boiled eggs, *à la Buffet du Gare*, and slices of *pain au Gratin*. As these skin tighteners, one after another, were put away, the famishing coachman kept turning in his seat and gazing hungrily on.

"Beg pard'n, capting," he said, drawing rein at last, "but I p'tickler wants to get back t' town afore 'arf-past sevving."

"What for, menial?" demanded Henery.

"'Cos, capting, that's the time as the pop-shops closes."

"Slave! What have *I* to do with the time they close?"

"Nothink, sir, nothink—only *I* have."

"In what way?"

"Well—er—I thought as how I might as well run my teeth up the spout for a bit—they don't seem much *other* use to me!"

Henery took the hint.

THE MONTE CARLO MAGNET.

A BALLAD OF A "BOGIE."

[After Mr. Gilbert, who, it is to be hoped, won't be "after" us.]



MY name is *supposed* to be "Wells"—
An owner of card-winning spells,
A gainer of purses
And causer of curses,
'Mid gay Monte Carloan swells.
To cause many "mugs" to "make tracks"
To try the Casino's sly "tacks,"
They oft pop my name
Into Journals of fame,
A plan which you'll own is most lax.

They puff up the "wonderful system"
By which I scoop in piles of Oof;
And *sometimes* they show that
I've missed 'em,
As the latest new "fake" giveth proof.
But they hint as to luck I've lots of it
(Thus from "Juggins," like Journals, you'll learn),
And insist that *my* plan brings great profit,
That goal for which all gamblers yearn.

Thus credulity daily they tax
With tales of my winnings in sacks;
But these wonders of "Wells"—
Why, your common sense tells
That you cannot consider them "fax."

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

THERE was an air of suppressed excitement about No. 19 Stone-[...]ottle Terrace; and had the casual observer, in the course of his [...]anderings, chanced to linger for a few minutes outside the [...]ansion above alluded to, he would, without doubt, have arrived [at] the conclusion that something unusual was going to happen. [A]nd would the casual observer have been mistaken. Something [u]nusual *was* going to happen. Little Bertha Patterphat, as dainty [...]mpled a little darling as [...]er wore — ahem ! — her [...]ir in curl-papers, was [...]ing to fulfil the promise [...]e had, blushingly, given [...]ght months ago to that [...]ue blooded, but penni[le]ss, Lord Wishwash, and [...]low that nobleman to [le]ad her to the hymeneal [a]ltar. Bertha's people [w]ere not blue-blooded. The [s]anguinary fluid which [c]oursed through their veins was of that common scarlet colour with which the floor of a haunted chamber is not unfrequently dyed, and which is inseparable from the murderer's dagger or pirate captain's cutlass on the "twopence [c]oloured" sheets in which [...]yhood still delighteth. [...]t a successful "corner" [in] margarine, created by [Pa]tterphat *père*, whilst [ra]ising him from comparative poverty to considerable affluence, [ca]used him to come to the conclusion that a little indigo tinted [...]re might be introduced into the family with advantage. And [n]ow all was happiness, confusion, trousseau and presents—wedding [pr]esents—for every friend and relation had come down hand[so]mely, buoyed up, doubtless, by the hope of seeing his or her [na]me in the papers under the heading of Fashionable Wedding.



[T]he gifts were tastefully arranged in the study, which had from [an] early hour been crowded with an inquisitive crowd anxious to [in]spect them. A good humoured crowd it was, who pushed [an]d joked, all heedless of the presence of a mysterious indi[vi]dual, whom the majority of the persons present took for [a] fellow guest, but who was, in reality, none other than Brown, [th]e Demon Detective, a man with a reputation for having detected [in]numerable fashionable "kleptomaniacs." Brown was decidedly [...]d tempered this afternoon; no one had afforded him the chance [of] adding to his laurels—it was really too bad. The room was quite [em]pty now; the latest caller had departed—his opportunity was [go]ne. But stay, who is this girl who has entered the room silently? [...]o, unaware of the watchful eyes bent upon her from the shadow [of] a recess, is rapidly pocketing many of the smaller presents—[br]acelets, rings and trinkets. With a bound, the Demon Detective [is] upon her, her arm, and summoned the house[ho]ld—summoned the household to witness the spectacle of a [fas]hioned bride elect, who, after the departure of the visitors, was [me]rely removing her own property to the privacy of her boudoir. [T]he Demon Detective has taken down his sign, and is at present [ac]tively negotiating for his pension.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 31.—HESTER HARCOURT.



SINCE SLOPER'S Rhymist first began
To be that wretched worm called Man,
He ne'er has shed the slightest fib
From tongue too glib or "Pickwick" nib.
So now, in spite of libel laws
And Hester Harcourt's vengeful claws,
He begs to galvanize creation
By giving it the information
That Hester Harcourt's faults are more
Than grains of sand on Margate shore.
With mashers, dudes and swells she spoons,
Then laughs to scorn the lovelorn loons.
She smokes an hourly cigarette;
She's always deeply steeped in debt;
She takes at times a tiny spree;
She vents at times a big, big D!
Though humble whelks her father sells,
She apes the ways of high bred belles,
And—since the truth I still must tell—
Egad! she apes them thundering well.
She couldn't to a shirt append
A button, or a waistcoat mend,
Or darn a sock, or bake a cake—
Not even were her life at stake!
Yet, 'spite of all her faults, she's such
A gushing, fetching, witching witch,
That, in her matrimonial snare,
She'll sneak some senseless millionaire!

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 6TH, 1892.

31st January, 1764.—The following curious garrison order was issued on the above date at Dublin:—"Lieutenant-General Fawkes recommends to the officers of the garrison that they would not play at the Castle whilst on duty, and that the officers of the Horse Guards will avoid mixing with the ladies in the drawing room, on account of the inconvenience of spurs to the ladies' hoop petticoats. (Signed) D. GRANT, Captain 52nd Regiment, "for the Major of Brigade."

1st February, 1836.—An attempt was made this evening to assassinate Mademoiselle Grisi, the famous vocalist, at the Italian Opera House in Paris. A man presented a pistol at her head, and was arrested by the guard before any mischief ensued. He was supposed to have been a slighted lover.

2nd February, 1828.—At Cheshire Sessions, ending this week, a prisoner was indicted for stealing corn, at Macclesfield. In the course of the trial, the prisoner asked a witness, "Did you ever know me to steal corn?" "Yes; I caught you only a fortnight before you were in the room taking the peas." Prisoner, addressing the Bench, said, "Gentlemen, I had the care of ten horses each day, and the evidence you have heard against me is not correct. You have horses of your own, and every man who takes care of them will steal for them, if he can." It was evident that what the prisoner stated made a deep impression on the jury, for they returned a verdict, "Guilty of stealing for the horses, but not for himself." This verdict, in the opinion of the court, convicted the prisoner of felony. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment

3rd February, 1871.—Thomas William Robertson, dramatic author, died this day, aged forty-two.

4th February, 1891.—A dark, barely furnished room, in which the only glimmer of light visible came from a miniature slate which had been rubbed with phosphorus, and a table around which were seated half a dozen gentlemen interested in the study of the Unknown—such was the scene in a house near the Foundling Hospital this night, while two spiritualists, who had made a tolerably comfortable livelihood out of human credulity for the last dozen years, displayed to the investigators the mysteries of the unscientific world at a moderate price. Neither of the "mediums" knew that one of the auditory was an amateur electrician who had in his pocket a small lamp with sufficient electricity to give a clear light for some minutes. While a "spirit" seemed to be hovering about the room in the darkness, displaying its charms in etherealized drapery, the lamp was turned on, and the ghost, who had been summoned to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," or rather the phosphorescent slate, was discovered to be none other than the medium on duty, who was robed in graceful muslin folds for the occasion. The *séance* came to an abrupt termination.

5th February, 1891.—In a letter, bearing this date, addressed to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, appeared this statement from Mr. A. R. Reeves:—"Some years ago I was bringing two monkeys home from the West Indies, which I had named 'Jack' and 'Jill.' Jack was a brown monkey, about the size of a fox terrier, whilst Jill was smaller, and of the sort known as 'white-faced.' One day Jack was indulging his curiosity by diving into my pockets, and, among other things, fished out a cigar. He smelt it, and before I could stop him, bounded off to his cage with his prize. Jill rushed after him to see what he had got, and he considerately allowed her a smell, and no more. Then he tore it up and began to chew it, and presently worked himself up into an ecstacy of delight, taking the half chewed cigar from his mouth and smearing it over his face and body with maudlin satisfaction. Jill sat the while at the other end of the cage, regarding her lord and master with wondering interest, but afraid to disturb his revels. Jack's excitement began to get too much for him, and he rolled about his straw and twisted himself into all sorts of contortions in uncontrollable delight, and at last fell down in a helpless state of intoxication. Thereupon Jill carefully covered him well over with straw and mounted guard over him, energetically resisting any attempt on my part to see how he fared.

6th February, 1832.—Joseph Munden, comedian, died this day, aged 74. Previous to Munden's retirement, his health was precarious, and Elliston agreed to pay him £10 a night instead of a fixed weekly salary, only calling on him to play when his services were imperatively necessary. On the occasion of a bespeak by the King, Elliston, sure of a full house, thought he would save his ten pounds, but in the green room a notice had been affixed, desiring "All the company to attend to sing the National Anthem." Munden unexpectedly made one, claimed and got his money.

"SOMEBODY'S LOVE."

SOMEBODY's love has nut brown hair,
Eyes full of laughter, sweet and free;
Somebody's love has two rose-red lips,
And a voice like bird-songs on the lea;
Somebody's love has fingers fair,
Like flowers that twine about the heart;
Somebody says—and I think it's true—
That naught thro' life shall their fortunes part.

Somebody's wife has the brightest smile
That e'er you saw in a dingy town,
And her tones are always gay and sweet,
Her brow ne'er cross'd by an angry frown;
So somebody's heart is still the same,
As together they go down the road of life,
And somebody says—and I think it's true—
That he owes all his joys to somebody's wife.

A WELL TIMED HINT.

HIS last words, when he parted with her on the "eve when first they met," were certainly calculated to lead the fair girl to conclude he was "a title" at least—or, if not, "something" of considerable importance "in the City," for he said, "If you'll allow me to bring my bro'om round to-morrow, I'll be only too delighted, don't-ye-know, to take you for a bit of a run—say as far as Hampton and back."

Of course she "allowed" him—what girl wouldn't? And the "bro'om" turned up—oh, yes, there was no funny business about it—with a beautiful horse, a chestnut (in many senses), and a coachman in a magnificent tall hat, upon the silk of which a vaselined gloss coquetted with the morning sun.

And *what* a drive they had! Three times round Hyde Park to start with; then, as the steed yawned visibly on passing the Albert Memorial for the third time—and yawning is a sign of idleness—off down the Kensington Road, across Hammersmith Bridge, round Barnes Common, and so on, through Mortlake to Richmond. And *still* they went on—hopping over Richmond Bridge and dashing into Twickenham, just as Henery produced the guinea luncheon basket from under the seat: and *what* a luncheon basket that was! It could never have paid the producer at one, one. Real waterproof pork pies, hard boiled eggs, *à la Buffet du Gare*, and slices of *pain au Gratin*. As these skin tighteners, one after another, were put away, the famishing coachman kept turning in his seat and gazing hungrily on.

"Beg pard'n, capting," he said, drawing rein at last, "but I p'rtickler wants to get back t' town afore 'arf-past sevving."

"What for, menial?" demanded Henery.

"'Cos, capting, that's the time as the pop-shops closes."

"Slave! What have *I* to do with the time they close?"

"Nothink, sir, nothink—only *I* have."

"In what way?"

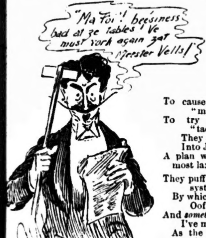
"Well—er—I thought as how I might as well run my teeth up the spout for a bit—they don't seem much *other* use to me!"

Henery took the hint.

THE MONTE CARLO MAGNET.

A BALLAD OF A "BOGIE."

[After Mr. Gilbert, who, it is to be hoped, won't be "after" *us*.]



MY name is *supposed* to be "Wells"—
An owner of card-winning spells,
A gainer of purses
And causer of curses,
'Mid gay Monte Carloan swells.
To cause many "mugs" to "make tracks"
To try the Casino's sly "tacks,"
They oft pop my name
Into Journals of fame,
A plan which you'll own is most lax.

They puff up the "wonderful system"
By which I scoop in piles of Oof;
And *sometimes* they show that I've missed 'em,
As the latest new "fake" giveth proof.
But they hint as to luck I've lots of it
(Thus from "Juggins," like Journals, you'll learn),
And insist that *my* plan brings great profit,
That goal for which all gamblers yearn.

* * * *

Thus credulity daily they tax
With tales of my winnings in sacks;
But these wonders of "Wells"—
Why, your common sense tells
That you cannot consider them "fax."

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

THERE was an air of suppressed excitement about No. 19 Stone-bottle Terrace; and had the casual observer, in the course of his meanderings, chanced to linger for a few minutes outside the mansion above alluded to, he would, without doubt, have arrived at the conclusion that something unusual was going to happen. Nor would the casual observer have been mistaken. Something unusual *was* going to happen. Little Bertha Patterphat, as dainty-dimpled a little darling as ever wore—ahem!—her hair in curl-papers, was going to fulfil the promise she had, blushingly, given eight months ago to that blue blooded, but penniless, Lord Wishwash, and allow that nobleman to lead her to the hymeneal altar. Bertha's people were not blue-blooded. The sanguinary fluid which coursed through their veins was of that common scarlet colour with which the floor of a haunted chamber is not unfrequently dyed, and which is inseparable from the murderer's dagger or the pirate captain's cutlass on the "twopence coloured" sheets in which boyhood still delighteth. But a successful "corner" in margarine, created by Patterphat *père*, whilst raising him from comparative poverty to considerable affluence, caused him to come to the conclusion that a little indigo tinted gore might be introduced into the family with advantage. And now all was happiness, confusion, trousseau and presents—wedding presents—for every friend and relation had come down handsomely, buoyed up, doubtless, by the hope of seeing his or her name in the papers under the heading of Fashionable Wedding.



The gifts were tastefully arranged in the study, which had from an early hour been crowded with an inquisitive crowd anxious to inspect them. A good humoured crowd it was, who pushed and joked, all heedless of the presence of a mysterious individual, whom the majority of the persons present took for a fellow guest, but who was, in reality, none other than Brown, the Demon Detective, a man with a reputation for having detected innumerable fashionable "kleptomaniacs." Brown was decidedly bad tempered this afternoon; no one had afforded him the chance of adding to his laurels—it was really too bad. The room was quite empty now; the latest caller had departed—his opportunity was gone. But stay, who is this girl who has entered the room silently? who, unaware of the watchful eyes bent upon her from the shadow of a recess, is rapidly pocketing many of the smaller presents—bracelets, rings and trinkets. With a bound, the Demon Detective is upon her, has seized her arm, and summoned the household—summoned the household to witness the spectacle of a pinioned bride elect, who, after the departure of the visitors, was merely removing her own property to the privacy of her boudoir.

The Demon Detective has taken down his sign, and is at present actively negotiating for his pension.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 31.—HESTER HARCOURT.



SINCE SLOPER'S Rhymist first began
To be that wretched worm called Man,
He ne'er has shed the slightest fib
From tongue too glib, or "Pickwick" nib.
So now, in spite of libel laws
And Hester Harcourt's vengeful claws,
He begs to galvanize creation
By giving it the information
That Hester Harcourt's faults are more
Than grains of sand on Margate shore.
With mashers, dudes and swells she spoons,
Then laughs to scorn the lovelorn loons.
She smokes an hourly cigarette;
She's always deeply steeped in debt;
She takes at times a tiny spree;
She vents at times a big, big D!
Though humble whelks her father sells,
She apes the ways of high bred belles,
And—since the truth I still must tell—
Egad! she apes them thundering well.
She couldn't to a shirt append
A button, or a waistcoat mend,
Or darn a sock, or bake a cake—
Not even were her life at stake!
Yet, 'spite of all her faults, she's sich
A gushing, fetching, witching witch,
That, in her matrimonial snare,
She'll sneak some senseless millionaire!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, SOUTHWARK, S.E., *January 11th*, 1892.

DEAR MR. SLOPER,—Kindly pardon the delay in the acknowledgment of the Vouchers (20) for the "Relief of the Destitute Poor." It has been pressure of work, not want of gratitude, that has occasioned the delay. I am very grateful. We are surrounded by an immensity of poverty that cannot be realized except by those who live in the midst of it, and have to try, however hopelessly, to alleviate it. I pray that God will reward a hundredfold your kindness and the charity of those who have responded to your Appeal. With heartfelt thanks, always yours sincerely,

WILLIAM MURNANE.

CLAREMONT, CAWLEY ROAD, LONDON, E., *January 12th*, 1892.

DEAR MR. SLOPER,—Very many thanks for the parcel of 25 Christmas Tickets (2*s*. 6*d*.) duly received. They will be an immense boon to our respectable destitute poor.

Cordially yours, J. W. ATKINSON.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 98.—HE BECOMES A QUEERER STICK THAN EVER HE WAS BEFORE.

"DAILY grows she stouter, stronger,—
Nightly me she pummels harder:
If her game goes on much longer,
Soon I'll be a stiff churchyarder!
I must make my buxom bride a
Trifle thinner—that is flat!"
Thus deciding, SLOPER buyed a
Quart of liquid Anti-Fat.

To his offspring, three hours later,
Hiccupped hoarse the Fuddled Ranter:
"Boy, obey your loving pater!
Take this physic home instanter.
Tell not Ma, though: it's intended
For her influenza,—see?
Daily, nightly, we must blend it
Slyly, slyly, with her tea!"

One long, last "exhilarator"
Gulped they: then the public houses
Closed, and Son went home, while Pater
Sought his club for fresh carouses.
There till 4 A.M. he tarried:
Then, when came he reeling down,
In his inner man he carried
Drink enough to drown a town.

Just as six o'clock was pealing,
Peeler White, in joyful lingo,
Said, "I hear a boozer squealing:
I will run him in, by Jingo!"
Round the corner rushed he proudly,
Made his truncheon swirl and swish,
While the singer sang more loudly,
"Shishter Marysh walksh like thish!"

Now, Alexandry, who within his eye has got no green,
Had sneaked his father's quart of gin (the trick was rather mean!),
And SLOPER'S quart of Anti-Fat in SLOPER'S coat had stuck.
So, when at length the Guzzling Rat from clubroom got the chuck,
Beneath a lamp-post blithe he sat, and gaily gathered in
That blessed quart of Anti-Fat, nor wist it was not gin!
And, when he'd managed to inject the lot, he took his trot,
And of the Anti-Fat's effect he wotted not a jot.
But Peeler White fell prone with fright: "Although it makes me sick
With smell of gin, I can't run in a blithering *walking-stick!*"

A LEGAL TECHNICALITY.

WE were talking with a gentleman the other day who has a considerable stake in a gold mining venture in Mashonaland, and he related an incident which much amused us. He advertised for a number of labourers, farm hands and artisans, to go out to Africa and cultivate the place he had, with his partners, bought there. But he wanted men with *some* vestige of character left: not altogether blacklegs. One of the first he interrogated said, "he had a likin' to go abroad," *although* his brother, who went out some years previously, had "made such a mess of it."

"How did he make a mess of it?" asked the advertiser.

"Well—er—as a matter o' fact, he got hung!"

"Hung?" repeated the chrysalis North. "Good gracious! on what charge?"

"Well, sir, it was *really* a technicality o' the law."

"Ah! some outrageous ruling of some self-elected judge, I s'pose?"

"Maybe, sir, maybe. Y'see, Bill owned up, fair 'n square, to breakin' into the post office and stealin' the mails; but the bloomin' trouble was to account for the death o' the p'liceman who got in his way as he was a-riding off. Bill *couldn't* prove, somehow, that the slop died of influenza, so the pig-'eaded Court called it 'murder.'"

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK, £143 17*s*. 3½*d*.

ALLY SLOPER, Esq. (weekly donation), £1; E. A. L., 5*s*.; J. W. GEORGE, F.O.S., £1; FRANK HALLAM, 1*s*.; MAUDE, 1*s*.; FRED ROE, 2*s*. 6*d*.; ROSINA BRANDRAM, 5*s*.; T. P., 1*s*.; J. B., 2*s*. 6*d*.; W. J. F., 1*s*.; EMMA ALLEN, 2*s*. 6*d*.; G. A. F. (Hartlepool), 1*s*.; N. C. S., 2*s*. 6*d*.; MAUD H. J. (Stratford), 5*s*.

Making a total received up to January 20th, 1892—£147 7*s*. 3½*d*.

THE PRICE OF A LIFE.

WHEN on my bed, oppressed
With hideous pains, I lay,
My well beloved forsook her rest
To nurse me night and day.
Like music in mine ear
Came oft her angel breath:
"I'll fight with Death for you, my dear!
For you I'll conquer Death!"

But Death, low-lurking near,
O'erheard her hopeful strain,
And sneered, "I seek a victim here,
And will not seek in vain!"
So, while she near me stood,
To strengthen, help, console,
Insidious through her warm young blood
The curst infection stole!

And, lo! when I could stir
My limbs, from anguish free,
Insatiate Death had vanquished her
Who vanquished Death for me.
And now, though strong and young,
I loathe my dear-bought life:
Would GOD that Death to me had clung,
And spared mine angel wife!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE—"How easy lies the tongue that begs a crown."

RETURNING GOOD FOR ILL—Changing a bad sovereign.

THE tradesman who sold SLOPER a piano on the hire system is now rampaging round on the ire system himself.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

RICHER THAN GOLD.

(A TALE OF THE LONE PACIFIC.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THEN the Tory Government began to feed up Frederick Bulstrode, but though they supplied him with the best of food, and had a special *chef* appointed to the office, Frederick Bulstrode declined to fatten, and persisted in getting thinner every day. The Tories were in despair, and padded him out with old clothes to make him look as if they were likely to fulfil their promise, but as day by day passed, they began to become seriously alarmed as to their tenure of office.



A Ministerial crisis.

Day by day the Radical newspaper had a leading article on the subject, and demanded that a strict record of the exact weight of the captive should be issued. The First Lord of the Treasury stated, in reply to a question in the House, that he had no intention of issuing anything of the sort. He had never promised to issue such a record, and wouldn't. Then, when the Government introduced a measure to revise the fiscal tariffs, with a special clause to admit imported missionaries duty free, the Radical members declared they would have none of it, denounced it as a bribe, and hailed it as a base Conservative dodge to divert attention from the White Captive Question. In vain the Conservative newspaper denounced the tactics of the Opposition, and equally in vain did it point out that it was a paramount necessity for the welfare of the nation that such necessaries as missionaries and other food-stuffs should be admitted to the island free of duty.

The Tories were in despair, and frequent Cabinet meetings were held. They once thought of killing the captive, but they concluded if they did that it would be worse for them, as they would be kept out of office for a long time by their incensed constituents. They made up their minds to resign office, and did so. But the Liberals refused to take office, and for seven days there was a Ministerial crisis. The trouble was solved by a coalition Government being formed.



Asked him to leave.

At a meeting of the coalition cabinet, it was pointed out that if the electors got to know that neither party in the state was able to fatten that captive, it would be bad for both, and that it would be wise to get rid of him in some way. This was agreed to, and, after some deliberation, it was decided to declare that Bulstrode was a devil, that he would be sure to disagree with the native stomach, and that he ought to be sent out of the island.

Then they approached Bulstrode on the subject, and he agreed to go on condition they would give him a big canoe, and would put on board what he wanted. To this the Government agreed, and Bulstrode pointed out herbs and other material with which he desired the canoe to be laden. On a given day there was a great public religious function on the beach. The priests performed a solemn service, and the captive was denounced as a person whom it was desirable to get rid of. He had come there weighing eleven stone nine pounds, and despite the fact that he had been fed on the very best the island afforded, he was now only seven stone six pounds. It was evident there was diablerie in it, and he must be sent away. Then Frederick Bulstrode was led to the canoe, which was shoved off into the deep ocean, and the priests embraced the opportunity of taking up a collection.

* * *



A sail on the lee bow.

Gaily the canoe bobbed over the wavelets, and gaily Frederick Bulstrode sang to himself as he guided the tiny craft. Not only had he saved his precious uncured bacon from furnishing forth a cannibal stew, but his acute chemical knowledge assured him that he had something in his canoe that would make his fortune—that was RICHER THAN GOLD.

He had only run six hours when he saw a sail on the lee bow. He put his helm up for the strange sail, had a rope thrown him, and in a few minutes was on deck of the barque *Mary Jane*, of and for Philadelphia.

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

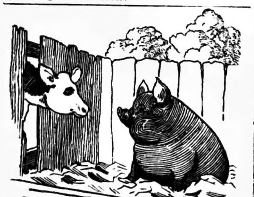


No. 240.—DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, F.O.S.

"From information received from various sources, and with the assistance of a special staff of clever detectives, we have been able to gather the following facts concerning the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Oliver was born when the present century was but in its bud, and had not lived twelve months before he began to develop that know everything sort of disposition which has stuck to him throughout life. When only fifteen months' of age, he could calculate with perfect correctness the percentage of water contained in the milk upon which he was nourished, and before he had attained the age of five years, he began to roll off poems by the yard. The poetry of that period may not have been exactly Byronic in quality, but with the assistance of his father, a big, burly and noted fire eating West American, a revolver, two bull dogs and a few bowie-knives, Yankee editors were easily prevailed upon to insert his screed. At the breakfast-table our hero is a perfect picture to behold, and the manner in which he partakes of those good things which go towards making life worth living, has obtained for him the title of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. Oliver never drinks except when he's thirsty, eats like an ordinary mortal and never sleeps in church during a sermon. Chiefly because he's America's Grand Old Man, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him September 27th, 1890."—*Debrett Improved.*



Rude Boy (to Master MacSprat, who has rather outgrown his war paint). Say, guv'nor, that costume's light and airy, hadn't you better get the tucks let out?



"Good morning! I've just looked in to see whether you've ever heard of eggs and bacon."

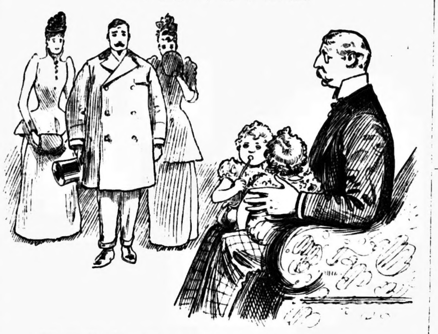


TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE.

Bald Party. Why, hang it, sir, you've got my hat!

Browne. Keep your hair on. You have someone else's umbrella and overcoat, so you can't grumble.

"IT'S NICE TO BE A FATHER."



Swell (with babies). Haw!—didn't the servant tell you I was engaged?

Visitor. Oh, yes, but I thought there must be some mistake somewhere, and now I am sure of it.

Swell. How so?

Visitor. Because, according to appearances, you seem to be very much married.



"What is the matter with thee, my pretty maid?"

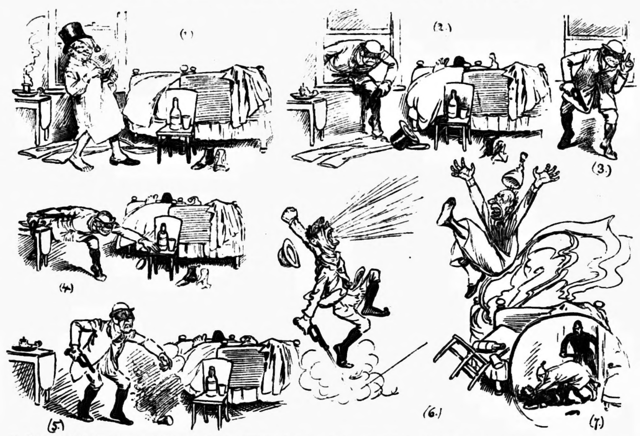
"A dot on the I, kind sir," she said.



Beak. This man is charged with being found drunk in two places at the same time?

Irish Constable. Faith, yer honour, an' so he was. Shure he was blind dhrunk in the head an' speechless dhrunk in the legs.

THE BURGLAR'S SNEEZE; OR, SAVED BY A SNUFF-BOX.



(1). *McSwipley (of the "Scotch Hot" Club, retiring to rest after a committee meeting).* "Eh! Ah'll jist tack a wee pinchie o' the sneeshin'. It'll be a braw thing to clear ma heed in the morn. Hech, surrs, but it's strang!"—(2). *Bill Budge (making a business entry).* "The old bloke sleeps sound. Boozed, very like! Wish *I* was."—(3). "Hm! Ha!"—*(sniffs)*—"Whisky somewheres about! He ain't drank it all, seemingly."—(4). "Cheer! I'm on its track. I thought I'd nose it out. What's that?" *(Knocks down snuff-box.)*—(5). "Oh, blimey! Strike me pink! It's the hinfluenz-er-er-ah-ah-ah"—(6). "Tisshhoooo!" Then he exploded in a sneeze that shook half the metropolis, and brought McSwipley "from his heathery couch in haste."—(7). Bill Budge was half throttled by the time the police arrived to lock him up.

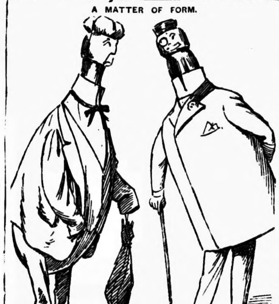
DANCING GIRLS.



No. 31.

The girl who always comes in late.

A MATTER OF FORM.



"I say, old man, how is it that though we both go to the same tailor your clothes always fit so much better than mine?" "Shoulders, my dear fellow, shoulders."

POPPINS FOR EVER.



Poppins, in order to advertise the fact that he is quite sober, hits upon the idea of proceeding "Rahnd the Tahn" in the above fashion.

London: Printed by DALZIEL BROTHERS, at their Camden Press, High Street, N.W., and Published by the Proprietor, GILBERT DALZIEL, at "*The Sloperies*," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.—Saturday, January 30, 1892.